Nonsence upon Sence:
OR
SENCE,
UPON
NONSENCE:

Chuse you whether, either or neither.

The Second Part to the same Sence, and for the same Reasons aleadged in the former Impression.

In Longitude, Latitude, Crassitude, Magnitude, and Amplitude, lengthened, widened, enlarged, augmented, encreased, made wider, and sider, by the addition of Letters, Sillables, Words, Lines, and far fetch'd Sentences.

Written upon *White Paper*, in a *Browne Study*, betwixt *Lammas* Day and *Cambridge*, in the Yeare aforesayd.

Beginning at the end, and written by *John Taylor* at the Signe of the poore *Poets Head*, in *Phenix Alley*, neare the middle of *Long Aker*, or *Covent Garden*.

Nonſence upon Sence, &c.

MOunt meekly low, on blew preſumptuous wings
Relate the force of fiery water Springs,
Tell how the Artick and Antartick Pole
Together met at Hockley in the Hole:
How Etna and Veſſuvius, in cold bloud,
Were both drown'd in the Adriatick flood.
Speak truth (like a Diurnall) let thy Pen
Camelion like, rouſe Lions from their Den,
Turn frantick woolpacks into melting Rocks,
And put Olympus in a tinder box:
Report how Ruſſian Cats do bark like Dogs,
And Scithian Mountains are turn'd Iriſh Bogs,
Feaſt Ariadne with Tartarian Tripes,
Transforme great Cannons to Tobacco-pipes:
Make Venus like a Negro, white as jet,
And puffe-paſt of the Tombe of Mahomet.
Then mounted on a Windmill preſently
To Dunſtable in Darby ſhire I'le flie:
From thence Ile take the Chariot of the Sunne,
And ſwim to Scotland and bring newes whats done:

From thence I'le ſoare to ſilver Cintha's lap,
And with Endymion take a nine years nap:
There Ile drink healths with ſmug-fac'd Mulciber,
And tell the twelve ſignes in the Hemiſphere.
Tuſh tell not me theſe things are paſt diſpute,
Ile from th' Heſperides bring golden fruite;
Such as the Poets Paltrey Pegaſus,
Fetch'd from the fertile Mole-hill Caucaſus.
'Tis not the Perſian Gulph or Epſhams Well,
Nor Weſtminſters ſweet-Plum-broath (made in Hell)
Can change my reſolution; I have vow'd,
To ſpeake with ſilence, and to write aloud,
That Bulls of Baſan, and the Circean Swine,
Shall all dance Trenchmore at theſe words of mine.
Rouze up thou Ghoſt of Guzman, and apply
Thy ſelfe to me and let's write Tempe dry:
Be rul'd by me, we'le empty all Hellicon,
In ſcribling 'gainſt the whore of Babilon;
The Dunſmore Cows milk ſhall make Sillibubs,
And our Religion ſhall be brought in Tubs.
Make haſt unto the Faire cal'd Bartholomew,
And thence, from the Heroick Mungrell Crew,
Take the fine gugaw hobby horſes all,
Which we will man, and then a Counſel call,
And conquer Callice, Kent and Chriſtendome,
Knock downe the Turk and bravely ranſack Rome;
What can be done more? what more can be ſed?
Let's play at Blind-man-buffe for ginger bread:
We'le have a diſh of Dabs in Fiſh-ſtreet dreſt,
And with the Lobſters Ladies we will feaſt.

For

For as the Gowt is but a pleasing itch:
The best Beare-garden Bull-dog was a Bitch.
We have both eight, and eighteen parts of speech,
Whereby I finde Ash burnes as well as Beech.
Gargantuas scull is made a frying pan,
To fry or follow the Leviathian,
That Gogmagog, Nick Wood, or Mariot,
Nor Creatan Miloe, or Iscariot,
Were not such valiant stomack'd men as those
That eat the Devils gowty petitoes.
Hark, hark, how from the South fierce Boreas rores:
Give me a Sculler, or a paire of Oares,
Ile make the Orient, and the Occident,
Both friends at Smithfield in the wild of Kent:
For now Tom Holders Mare hath broke her Crupper,
Dresse me a dish of Æ-dipthongs to supper.
The Dean of Dunstable hath bought and sold
Twelve lies new printed for two groats in gold.
Tis almost past the memory of man,
Since famous Arthur first in Court began:
Yet though King Lud did raigne in Troynovaunt,
Will Summers was no kin to John of Gaunt.
What news from Tripolie? ware horns there ho:
The West wind blows South North at Jerico.
Steer well and steddy, boyes looke, look to th' Helme:
Fetch Gooseberries that grow upon the Elme:
Like Cormorants lets live upon the Ayre,
And of a whirlepoole make a marble chaire.
Blind men may see, and deafe men all shall heare,
How dumb men talk because Cow hides are deare.

Go to th' Utopian Kingdome and relate,
That to their King theſe lines I dedicate:
Bid him take note of me and vnderſtand,
He hath not ſuch a Poet in his Land.
Downe by the dale with milke and creame that flowes,
Upon a Hill (below the Valley) growes
Hungarian Peacocks white as crimſon Geeſe,
There ſate a Rat upon a Holland Cheeſe;
No ſooner did blinde Bayard ſee the fight:
Two beauteous vgly Witches took their flight
To tell the King of China wondrous news,
How all Scotiſh Knaves were hang'd, and Engliſh Jews.
Th' Athenian Hidra, and the bird Torpedo
Were catch'd in France in Mouſe-traps neare Toledo.
A Scolopendra comming neare Pickthatch,
Made drunk a Conſtable and ſtole the Watch.
Do what you can, Madge howlet is an Owle:
And Beans with Buttermilke is rare wild Fowle.
The Coblers daughter, we three both together,
We'le match: he'le give a thouſand pieces with her;
Beſides the ſmoake of Keinſam and Bell-Swagger,
Who oft at Mims did uſe his dudgeon Dagger:
Then ſhall the Perecranians of the Eaſt,
South, North, and Weſt with every bird and Beaſt;
All knuckle deep in Paphlagonian Sands
Inhabit Tranſilvanian Netherlands:
'Tis th' only gallant way to gain promotion,
To ſqueeze Oyle from the Cinders of devotion,
Tranſlate our Roundhead Turnips into Carrets,
And turne the loweſt Cellers to high Garrets.

Let Neptune be a Shepheard, and let Vulcan
Make haſt to Greenland, and there drink his full Kan.
Titus Andronicus hath writ a Treatiſe
Of Mole-hills in the Entrails of Dame Theatis,
Wherein a man may learn before he looks
To catch mince-pies with neither nets nor hooks:
There policy with practice cut and dry'd
Were Carted both in triumph through Cheapſide.
If Monday hang himſelfe, no further ſeek,
Henceforth Tueſday ſhall begin the week:
No more of that I pray, I am afear'd
There's not one haire upon Diana's beard.
Great Agamemnon late combin'd with Hector,
To preach at Amſterdam an Iriſh Lector,
Which ſhall convert the Horſe, the Aſſe, and Mule,
And all the beaſts in Hipperborean Thule.
If Sun-ſhine will with ſhaddows but conſent,
We'le make the winter of our diſcontent
To force fierce Crook-back into better tune,
And turne Decembers heat to froſt in June.
When this externall ſubſtance of my ſoule
Did live at liberty, I caught wild fowle,
I was a Caitiffe in the Court of Spaine,
And playd at ſhuttle-cock with Charlemaigne:
Then I did magnifie and mundifie,
Then I the Fairy Queen did putrifie,
And purifie againe and dignifie,
All ſuch as did her greatneſſe deifie,
Females did edifie and fructifie,
And amplifie, and coldly gratifie.

The

The Lake of Learna I did clarifie,
My Verſe the Æthiop Queen did beautifie,
With rage my patience I would qualifie,
I can both certifie and teſtifie
How death did live, and Life did mortifie:
Feare alwayes did my courage fortifie,
He's crafty that his wits can rectifie:
To villifie, make glad and terrifie,
And with courſe words old debts to ſatisfie,
That man, I'le ratifie and notifie:
To be one that himſelfe will juſtifie,
And fie, fo, fum, concludes him with O fie.
Thus from complexions I have Minerals drawn,
Brave Captain Fumble layd his ſword to pawn
To ranſome Jeffery Chaucers Cipreſſe Gown,
Therſites with a Ruſh knock'd Ajax down;
Imperious Momus wrot th' Atlantick ſtory
Of Wars betwixt Achilles and John Dory:
'Twas dedicated to the Iſle of Lundy,
An Emblem right of *tranſit gloria mundi*.
Thus the Great Amadis de Gal was able
With Nonſence (like ſence) to endure a Fable:
Thus Mirmidons, upon the plains of Sarum
Did beat up Pompies quarters with Alarum.
Let not the diſtances of place moleſt us,
Abidos is not forty miles from Seſtus:
As Hero lov'd Leander, I'le agree,
Though he and ſhe were mad, whats that to me?
'Tis likely Cleopatra and Antonius
Met, but ſaw not the Cardinal Barronius:

The

The Capitol, and ſilken Rock Tarpeyus
In a Seadan to Lichfield ſhal convey us;
And like a wheele-barrow we'le cut and curry,
And fetch good news from Shropſhire and from Surry:
There is no Eunuch of the Race of Brutus,
That either can confute us, or cornute us.
Old Solon was no Jeſter, nor no Jyber,
And Engliſh Thames is better then Romes Tyber:
I tooke a Camel, and to Naples went I,
Of pickled Sauſedges I found great plenty;
The Gudgeon catcher there, o're top'd the Nobles,
And put the Vice-Roy in a peck of troubles:
Brave tag rag multitude of Omnium Gatherum,
Shuffle 'um together, and the Devil father 'um:
But now and then was ſqueez'd a rich Delinquent,
By which good means away the precious chinke went:
Renowned was the Raſcal Maſſennello,
In fifteen dayes he was raw, ripe, and mellow
Laugh, laugh, thou whining foole Heraclitus,
And weep thou grinning Aſſe Democratus:
The grey Horſe is the better Mare by halfe,
The Bull at Bear-Garden, and Walthams Calfe
Are reconcil'd, but not concluded fully
Who pleaded beſt, Demoſthenes or Tully:
I am indifferent ſil the other Kan,
Logick hath art to make an Ape a man:
I weeping ſing, to thinke upon the Quibblins
'Twixt Romane, and Imperial Guelphs and Giblins.
How Munſters John a Leide, and Knipperdoling
Were barberous Barbers in the Art of poling.

From

From Sence and Nonſence, I am wide, quoth Wallice,
But not ſo far as Oxford is from Callice:
Give me a Leaſh of merry Blades, right Bilboes,
True tatterd Rogues, in Breech, Shirts, Skirts, and Elboes:
And each of them will make a fit Diſciple,
To ride up Holborne to the tree that's triple:
A man may thinke his purſe is turn'd Round-head,
When all the croſſes in it are confounded:
'Tis ſayd that Poetry a thriving trade is,
And gets a world of wealth from Lords and Ladies;
The devill they do, falſe ſhamefull Lowne thou ly'ſt,
And when thou canſt no longer live, thou dy'ſt.
Lend me Rhamnuſines Flanders blade, I'le laſh
The ſober Centaures, turn great Oaks to Aſh:
A long Devils broath, be ſure you bring a ſpoon,
Our mornings ſhall begin at afternoon;
And Minos, Eacus, nor Rhadamantus
May roare and rant, but never ſhall out rant us.
As we are temporall, let's be temporiſers,
We ſcorne to be ſurpriz'd, we'le be ſurprizers:
Let's make grim Pluto ſtink, the welkin rumble,
And Hollophernes bluſter, blow and grumble,
Rending up mighty Thiſtles by the Roots,
Becauſe an Hoſtler ſtole away his boots:
Then with a multiplying Gally-pot,
I'le know the projects of the crafty Scot;
And then he ſhall be forc'd to hide his head
In Tenebris, in Poland, or in Swead:
Fough, this Tobacco ſtinks: thou dirty Hag
Abate faire, I'le put thee in a bag.

Search

Search Aſia, Affrick, and America,
To find the Goddeſſe Berecinthia,
And know how Pirramus and Thisbe fell
Together by the eares, late in Bridewell.
Words are but winde in Terme time, but Vacations
Are fit to publiſh ſilent Proclamations.
There was a buſineſſe never underſtood,
The womans ſuit in Law was juſt and good:
She loſt the day, this did her Cauſe diſgrace,
The Lawyer put ſome ill into her Caſe.
Before I'le live this life, I'le take a Knife,
And drown my ſelfe, and then what needs a Wife?
Strange things are done by art and humane power,
Quinborough Caſtle landed neer the Tower.
Much like a prodigy, old time playd Rex;
A Kentiſh Caſtle came to Middleſex.
May not a man cal'd Newgate dwel at Highgate,
And wed a Widdow at the Pye at Algate?
Therefore let us like or diſlike Presbytery,
It will worke finely, if it once beſquitter ye.
Bring me a Salamander from Surat in France,
The Alps and the Pirenian hils ſhal dance,
In Greenwich Parke there ſmiling Nioby
Shal laugh and lye down like an Oyſter-Pye.
Fame is a lying ſlut, ſhe told me tales,
That in October Chriſtmas came from Wales:
Believe it, take the wings of Icarus,
And walk to Houndſditch, and to Erebus,
There tell them plainly how the caſe ſtands here,
And bring us word how matters do go there.

Unto

Unto the Market Ile run presently,
And there a peck of troubles I will buy.
One told me they would multiply and grow;
All England with them I will plant and sow:
Which as they ripen dayly Ile take care
That every living soule shall have a share.
Ile serve my selfe first, and Ile have such store
In time of need to serve a thousand more.
But I forget my Theame, O foule offence!
This nonsence hath a taste of too much sence:
The Asse, Goose, Woodcock, Buzzard, and the Gull,
Beat out their brains, and put them in my scull;
And tell the men of Gotham tis thought fit
The wise men there should lend me all their wit:
For nonsence I will tax all Christendome,
Great Emperours and Kings shall pay me some,
And many a Major, or Justice of the peace
Will give me tribute, and the Tax encrease
To such a height, that Cardinals from Rome,
Cuckolds and Constables shall pay me some:
Strong Hull, with fatall Hell, and Hallifax,
Shall naturally bring me tole and tax:
The mighty stock of nonsence I wil win,
Shalbe the universal Magazine,
For Universities to work upon,
The rich Philosophers admired Stone:
Then I make Poets rich, and Usurers poore;
And thus resolv'd, at this time write no more.

This

This Dedication is humbly directed to a living man, quartered into foure Offices, *(viz.)* a Scavenger, a Beadle, a Cobler, and halfe a Conſtable.

TO *the high and mighty* Davidius Vulcanus, *Duke and Dominator of the Dunghils, and abſolute, reſolute, diſſolute, Scavenger of the Town and Territories of* Graveſend *in* Norfolk, *great Maſter and Baron of the wheel-barrow, the only Farmer, Tranſporter, Lord of the Soyle, and Privy ſearcher of all Mixens, and Muckhils, ſimple or compound, in the Liberties aforeſaid. Cleanſer, clearer, and avoyder of the moſt Turpitudinous, Merdurinous, excrementall offals, Muck and Garbage. Refiner, Purger, Clarifier, Purifier, Mundifier, Excluder, and Expulſer of Putrifactious and Peſtiferous Contagions; the* Potentiſſimo, Excellentiſſimo, *Invader, Scatterer, Diſperſer, Conſumer and Confounder of offenſive unſavory ſavours, ſmels, ſcents, and vapours: Great Soldan, Sultan, and Grana Signiour over all varieties of ſtinks and ſtinkards; moſt Triumphant Termagant, unreſiſtable Conqueror and Commander of the major and minor (the great and the leſs) Turditanians, chiefe Corigidor & Beadle of all the Precinct, ſole Tranſplanter, Terrifier, Controler, and Cor-*

rector

rector of Beggers and Vagabonds. The terrible Hue and Cry, Cryer, chiefe Court-Cryer, Jayle-Keeper, and onely confiner of the Hogs; chiefe and most frequent vigilant Watchman, demy Constable, and Image of Authority, the most accomplished Cobler, exquisite Translator, and exact Reformer of oppressed, decayed, wicked & oppressed soales: And the onely justiciary rectifier, underlayer and setter upright of such Brethren and Sisters, as doe go aside, and tread their foot awry in these dayes of Vanity, and paths of iniquity: In hope (Great Sir) I have not abated you of the least tittle of your title, your Honourable stile being so high, that no Christian, Pagan, Heathen, Turke, Jew, Infidell, Cuckold, or Canniball, can never climbe to the top of it; there being a late report that your multiplicity and many affaires of State have disturbed your rest, & impaired your health, insomuch as it is thought your pericranion is crazed or crackea, & you thereby in danger to fall into a Callenturiã disease, which is to be doubted may produce a Vertigo in your head, wherby your wit may be troubled with a superfluous flux, which may prove a molestatiõ to your selfe, and the whole Towne, that hath in it selfe, and in every place round about it, more troubles then they can well beare. But if their hard fortune should be, that when you are working to your owne Ends, and that you should call for your Aule, and Death should mistake and bring

bring you your Last, whereby such a privy member as your selfe might be publickly lost; it is feared, griefe would overflow the whole Towne, and that some of the Townesmen (with the helpe of their wives) would run starke horne mad: To prevent this great detriment of such a losse as that Town may undergo in this time of scarcity of wit, wisdome, and wise men; for feare you should fall into the dangerous diseases of the Mubble-fubbles, or the grumbling in the Gizzard: Therefore (to drive away dumps) and to give you some Recreation, I have made bold to present your Greatnesse with this Dedication, which if you will vouchsafe but to read and understand, and in so doing you shall do more for the Author, then he ever was, or shall do himselfe.

J. T.

Allandro pasqueto Malatrumpa entangrino liuroe.

IL vento Chioli, Mauritambull Teda fulgare,
Antro della campo il Danto Cordi sublima
Pantathos, stremo standina eschine vandri
Bene in shendo, tircia penthe dissadi.
Mecrops Sans sida vocifera Randa Bavinea,
Allatendrea quanto, Eltrada Pizminoy venta,
Mega Pollimunton, Theorba quasie quicunque
Tripolina Tiphon, Quabacondono sapho,
Terra tragmus sophye, sunt diacalcitheo Geata.

Avostre Obserdandi Zhean De Fistye Cankie De Sallamanca Andalowsia.

Or thus you may English it, in the transcending prayse of the Authour and his Booke.

TIll PHEBUS blustring blasts shall cease to blow,
And ÆOLUS shall hide his radient Raies,
Till VULCANS Forge be fram'd of SCITHIAN Snow,
And NEPTUNE like a Shepheard spend his dayes;
When SATURNE shall sell Mouse-traps, and allow
MARS to sing Madrigals, and round delays:
Then shall thy Booke and thee be out of Date,
And scorne the fury of consuming Fate.

To your Worthinesse in all observance Devoted,
John Defistie Cankie of *Sallamanca* in *Andalusia.*

The

The second Part, to the same sence.

When as a Woodcock did a Phœnix hatch,
Once, in the Raigne of Julian the Apostate,
When Spiders nets an Elephant did catch,
The Alehouse had no fire to make a Toast at:
Then in those merry lamentable dayes,
Upon a Christmas Eve neare Michaelmas,
New Market heath did boastly sing the prayse
Of Apuleius, of the golden Asse,
The Adamantine fall of seven fold Nile,
Had boyl'd Musk M-llons from the Mount Parnassus,
Whereof the singlong wanton Crocodile
Made Romane Cressus smile and Lidian Crassus,
When Charing Crosse the Son of Summers Leg,
Had Kitned in the eylids of a Nowne,
And Christmas Carrols playd at Mumble-peg,
With the Buls pizzel of a Market Towne;
Then shall a Pronoune and a Participle
Fight doggedly for wagging of a straw,
And then Tom Thumb with Gogmagog shal tipple,
And shew the Learned'st Lawyers what is Law:
Then Ghastly flesh of Sirens fry'd in steaks,
And Oynments drawn from warme ingratitude

Did draw the teeth of two and forty weeks
From out the heels of ſqueamiſh magnitude.
But yet (O yet) a new layd Madrigall
Had bak'd the haunches of a Spaniſh child,
And match'd 'em to Sir Guy the Seneſchall,
Who liv'd Adulterouſly with Boſworth field.
Whileſt this was doing, all undone and Done,
As men undoa Trowt to make a Loach,
For as with ſpoons a Lord may eat the Sun,
So layes a Bitch her Litter in a Coach.
The Times have bin (but Time is turn'd to pap)
That men might ſpeake like Sea Crabs with a Quill,
And old Devotion wore a corner'd Cap
Upon the ſtomack of a Water-mill.
But as a Bag-pipe flying in the Ayre,
Doth water all the Earth with Scottiſh Jigs,
So Times do change their turns at Sturbridge Faire;
For all the world now rides on Ale and Wigs.
O that my Lungs could bleat like butter'd peaſe,
But bleating and my Lungs have caught the itch,
Which are as muſty as the Iriſh Seas,
Which in their left ſide now have both the ſtitch.
I grant indeed that Rainbows layd to ſleep,
Snort like a Woodknife in a Ladies Eye,
Which makes her bark to ſee a pudding creep,
For creeping puddings always pleaſe the wiſe.
The force of cuſtome makes a man to piſſe
A caſt of Merlins in King Dido's mouth:
Hence comes the ſquint-ey'd Proverb, which is this,
All men are borne their backſides to the South.

A letter late came from the Stigian Lake
That told me Cerberus himselfe had choak'd;
He took a Mil-stone for a buttered cake,
When first red Herrings were at Yarmouth smoak'd:
The Orientall Chilblaines of the West
Flew like a Collaflower in Chequer broth,
And then the Fairy Queen in Buckrum dreft,
Rod through the Ayre, well mounted on a Moth.
Man, as he is a cloakbag, is a Fish,
But as a humane creature, he's a Cock:
Which boyl'd with pinduft in a chafing-dish,
Eats like ſtewd Muſtard, made in Vulcans ſmock.
Once in an Evening, when the Morning Sun
Did hotly quake with cold Meridian ſplender;
There was a jolly Fryer told a Nun
That Feminine was Maſculine, Male Gender.
Things have their times, as Oyſters have their wool:
Dogs have their dayes, as Diſtaffes have their Gall,
So all men living ought to dwell at Hull,
For Halliſax cannot contain them all:
A Stateſman once corrupted is a Gun
That ferrits Screachowles from Belonas beard,
To make a handſome codpiece for the Sun
To weare upon the pommell of his ſword,
Man unto Man, is Man, but Man to Man,
Is Herrings fleſh, made of a yard of Ale,
With the ingredients of a Dripping-pan,
While Pancradge Church begets an Iſſue Male.
An Oxe was in a Mouſe-trap lately taken;
Read but the Bookes of weekly Newes, and note

How many ſtock-fiſhes were made fat Baron,
Broyld on the top maſt of a Muſcell Boat.
New Heroglyphick three fold twiſted lines,
Of things that were, and were not, how Auguſtus
With Ovids Metamorphoſes combines,
To try us oftentimes, but never truſt us.
The faculties of every humane ſoule
Are made of Turpentine, and Venſon Bones:
Ingendred in the night-cap of an Owle
That gives a Gliſter to the Torrid Zones:
For as a Piſtol I ſpes, when he doth court
Three pair of guts, bound up in true loves knots:
So Eaſter Tearm is curtold, but in ſport,
While Hobby-Horſes cur'd are of the Bots.
Then ſmooth thy brow with milk-white diſcontent,
And raiſe thy ſpirits up beyond thy feet:
For Shrovetide now hath ſwallow'd Jack-a-Lent,
Becauſe few Mariners are in the Fleet.
I know I am a man abhor'd of Bels,
That ring in concaves of an Hetereclite:
I know the Cuckolds thoughts of Bath and Wels
Do fizzle like a Mil-ſtone in a Net.
I ſaw, but what I view'd, I never ſaw
A Row of Teeth pen feathered in a Trowe,
Whilſt Perkins Horle o'rethrew a Caſe in Law,
And he himſelfe got fee farme of the Gowt.
How can a Mayor rule, but with a laſke
That may ſquirt Steeples in the teeth of Fame:
For if they do, their touch, ſtone and their laſke
Will fill the Wind With Polecats of the name.

The Clock doth ſtrike, when time berayes his hoſe,
And Oyſters catch the cough with being kinde:
As Puttocks weare their Buttocks in their Noſe,
So Fables weare their Bables in their minde.
I grant indeed, that whoſo may and can,
Can never may, ſith may doth can obey;
But he that can and will, may will as man,
But man can will, yet his will cannot may.
Deep Philoſophy.
Call true the Taylor hither preſently,
For he muſt make a Mantle for the Moone:
Bid Atlas from his Shoulders ſhake the ſky,
And lend and ſend me his left handed ſpoone.
For Prid's a pitch-fork that the Waine doth fill
Of Urſa Mayor (God of Apple Cakes)
Sloath is the cucking ſtoole of Holborn hill,
Much like a Sope-boyler upon a Jakes.
O that I were in love with Bobbin-Lace,
Or great with child of Tullies purple Gowne;
Then to mine Ankles I would ſcrew my face
To make a paire of Boots for black Renowne.
Faine would I leave, but leave at me doth grin
As doth a Cuſtard when his nailes doth ake:
Or like a Blew Bore in a Puddings skin,
So I muſt manners leave, for manners ſake.
Then reſt my Rimes, before my reaſons done,
Women are all wag-tayles when they runne:
Who ſets his wits, my Sence to undermine, is
A cunning man at Nonſence, farewell, Finis.

The firſt Part, after the ſecond, to the formoſt ſence, and hindmoſt purpoſe.

The Clock doth strike, when time berayes his hose,
And Oysters catch the cough with being kinde:
As Puttocks weare their Buttocks in their Nose,
So Fables weare their Bables in their minde.
I grant indeed, that whoso may and can,
Can never may, sith may doth can obey;
But he that can and will, may will as man,
But man can will, yet his will cannot may.
Deep Philosophy.
Call true the Taylor hither presently,
For he must make a Mantle for the Moone:
Bid Atlas from his Shoulders shake the sky.
And lend and send me his left handed spoone.
For Prid's a pitch-fork that the Waine doth fill
Of Ursa Mayor (God of Apple Cakes)
Sloath is the cucking stoole of Holborn hill,
Much like a Sope-boyler upon a Jakes.
O that I were in love with Bobbin Lace,
Or great with child of Tullies purple Gowne;
Then to mine Ankles I would screw my face
To make a paire of Boots for black Renowne.
Faine would I leave, but leave at me doth grin
As doth a Custard when his nailes doth ake:
Or like a Blew Bore in a Puddings skin,
So I must manners leave, for manners sake.
Then rest my Rimes, before my reasons done,
The Women are all wag-tayles when they runne:
Who sets his wits, my Sence to undermine, is
Beginning man at Nonsence, farewell, Finis.

The first Part, after the second, to the formost sence, and hindmost purpose.